

Divinity's End

by Inquisitor Azreal

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Summary: The cold was unnatural it seeped into your bones, it penetrated your very being and urged you to close your eyes. Begged you to. Some resisted, thrashed in their pods until they were dragged unwillingly into the darkness. For me? Faster than falling asleep.

(Spiritual Successor to Spirit of Fire: First Contact) OCxAshoka

AU

1. Chapter 1

DE Prologue

The first question every trainee asks without fail is what Cryo feels like.

Instructors would always give the same answer without fail: Cold.

And it would always get a laugh from those same nervous young trainees.

But once those trainees stepped into the tube that laughter was replaced by cold hard uncertainty. There was little space in that tube barely enough to lift your hands to your face. When the hiss of the coolant started it was then that uncertainty turned to fear. The cold was unnatural it seeped into your bones, it penetrated your very being and urged you to close your eyes. Begged you to. Some resisted, thrashed in their pods until they were dragged unwillingly into the darkness.

For me? Faster than falling asleep.

-Interview of UNSC First Sergeant Vincenzo Nicastri

>-UEG Galactic news<p>

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Faster than falling asleep.

The worst part of Cryo?

Waking up.

His eyes fluttered, desperately trying to fight off the long sleep his body just endured. His ears were ringing and his hearing muffled, common side effect of Cryo. His limbs numb and bile rising in his throat he forced the pod open and retched into the grate below him, falling to his knees in the process. Around him various personnel and techs were running around some screaming others bleeding and still others dying.

He was suddenly yanked up and a tech was screaming at him, blood leaking from his temple. His words were drowned out by the ringing that still assailed his ears. Whatever message he wanted to give was cut short by a piece of steel the size of a forearm burying itself into the techs head. The blood that splattered his face and body seemed to snap him out of his post Cryo haze. The sounds of pain and fear and death assailed his ears, klaxons wailed and the ships AI Agrippa repeating over and over one sentence.

"ALL HANDS ABANDON SHIP!"

He stumbled to his locker trying to side step the wounded and dodge anymore lethal projectiles. Throwing on his under suit, BDUs and armour took under a minute. The result of ten years of service. Vacuum rated and protected by titanium grade plating he ran side stepping men and women he had known for years. Every instinct telling him to stop and help. But he knew his duty.

ODSTs had to secure a landing for the survivors.

As he ran past a row of life boats he saw a marine waving a rifle and backing into an empty pod by himself around him a dozen crew begging to not be left behind. He didn't hesitate, he wiped his pistol out and fire blowing the mans trigger hand apart and letting the rest of the crew to subdue him and board.

He kept running.

He bust into the drop room to see hundreds of ODSTs trying to assemble their kits and launch. Still running he slid by his pod and ducked his head inside to check his gear. One SRS 99 AM Sniper rifle, one M5AK carbine with a 3.4x scope and silencer, one M7 Caseless SMG with a holo sight, silencer and a 25mm grenade launcher and a pack of two frags and flash bangs. Content he sat in his pod and started launch procedures. He slid down the canopy, sealing it with a hiss, and primed the drag chute. Connecting himself to the command network. It's message was brief and terrifying.

-:Slipspace malfunction:-

>:-Location Unknown:-
-:Covenant cruiser engaged:-

>:-All hands abandon ship:-
-:Planet below, ODSTs Launch ASAP:-

>:-We'll hold em off boys:-
-:It's been an honour:-

>:-Captain Jim Raynor:-<p>

He needed no further instructions moving his pod outside the ship he sent up a silent prayer for the captain before hitting the launch

command. The acceleration was intense, if not for his straps he would have been plastered against the ceiling. Around him scores of pods and life boats descended upon the planet, a planet that was distinctly colonized to the point where every inch was covered in cityscape. Above him the UNSC Alpharius Destroyer was dying, it's armour rent and oxygen bleeding, flames cover vast swaths of the once mighty warship. It's opponent a slick and almost organic like cruiser of blue and purple. Plasma kept from its turrets only to impact against the Alpharius moments later.

That's when his pod was hit.

By some miracle the plasma hadn't burned through the hull but nearly glanced off shearing the coms array and the pods IFF away. He looked for the source of the shot and saw a swarm of banshees, hundreds of them. Each one piloted by a split jaw baying for human blood. They got it. The banshees cut down the fleeing pods and all he could do was beat his fists against the three inch thick reinforced view panels screaming unheard obscenities and cursing the very existence of alien life. He watched for a full five minutes as every pod was destroyed.

Except his.

In some cruel twist of fate the earlier hit had torn his IFF off leaving him virtually invisible to covenant sensors. So while he got to live he was forced to witness every last soul he knew and lived with for the past three years die.

Above him the Alpharius was consumed in a blazing fireball.

As he hit the atmosphere he caught a glimpse of a half dozen ships approaching the covenant cruiser. Then the sight was gone and replace by a vast city stretching all the way to the horizon. There was no real space to land safely except for an open courtyard in front of a large rectangular building.

As he guided the pod toward it he muttered curses under his breath promising death and eternal damnation to every thrice cursed xeno he met.

So forgive him when, after landing and droping the pods door, he was greeted by a very brute like creature he opened fire.

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The first 'chapter' more of a prologue really. About three hours of work. Going to be alternating updates with Cosmic Dust. Definitely a better start than First Contact if I do say so my self, and by that I mean actually written all by my self without the use of google translate and friends to help my previously broken English. Hope you like expect fairly quick updates possibly even regular.

Never really realized how much I missed this.

2. Chapter 2

**I have ridden the skies in great machines, hooked up and jumped with the best of men. I have fought long and hard, and when I felt I

had no energy left, I have been fired by the fear that if I stopped fighting, my comrades would die. And when I was in danger, enemy all around, I heard the thunder from my left and my right, as my life was defended. I have never been alone. I live, jump, fight and battle to victory with the greatest assemblage of men on earth.**

>Gentlemen, to the BROTHERHOOD of the AIRBORNE.

>To the AIRBORNE!

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The bullets whizzed past the furry apes head. His aim was sloppy due to how hastily he drew the SMG. That was all the time the ape needed to draw a metallic cylinder and dodge to the left.

The ODST took the opportunity to dash from the pod and roll to cover behind a low decorative wall. Scanning the area he notice dozens of similarly robed aliens running to the area, they were all different and unfamiliar. He noticed the furry one standing in the open facing him with that same cylinder, except this time a blue beam of light extended from it. He knew what that meant.

Energy sword.

The alien was still unmoving so he engaged, spraying a short burst from his weapon. The alien was dead to rights, by all logic it's body should have been perforated by half a dozen fist sized holes, he had no cover and the distance was to short to dodge. Even for the relatively slow rounds of a silenced M7. He didn't expect the alien to swing his sword in an elaborate flourish that literally melted the flying lead, which pooled on the ground.

Taking a chance he glanced around, the other aliens where half way across the courtyard and a pair of white and red armour troopers where starting to take up firing positions a few dozen meters away, they carried large rifles that looked unwieldy as hell. With all his ammo in the pod he couldn't afford to waste any on an alien who could easily block them. Nor could he stand here and risk being fired upon. So he did the thing any insane person would do.

He triggered the grenade launcher.

The 25mm shell whistled through the air before exploding directly at the furry ones feet. The creature was engulfed by the incendiary round so he switched targets to the two armoured figures. He line the first one up in his sights just as the second started to fire, blue bolts of energy lancing toward him and impacting the ground by his feet. He fired a long burst and was rewarded with an all to human scream. The things armour seemed to be useless as fourteen neat holes appeared on its chest plate.

Shifting his aim to the second he started to pull the trigger when a blue plot slammed itself into his thigh burning through the titanium plating that protected the area. He bit back a curse as he collapsed to a crouch. A second shot hit his shoulder but this time the armour held.

"Fucker! Your going to pay for that!"

He pulled the trigger again holding it down. The second figure shuddered as the hollow point rounds tore through it, expanding inside its body and devastating his organs. He danced for excruciatingly long seconds as thirty eight rounds found their mark. The poor bastard was dead before he hit the ground. As the gun clicked empty he set it down and pulled his SOCOM sidearm. Firing into the crowd of rushing aliens each one carrying an energy sword or two or even two double sided ones.

As he continued to fire in futility he didn't notice a large furry fist descending toward his head until it was too late.

THWACK

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"Obi-wan. Aren't you supposed to be organizing the resupply of your legion?" The dark skinned man in a light brown robe asked as his old fiend walked into the council room that was currently occupied by him, a small green creature and Obi-wan.

"Master Yoda, Mace. I came as soon as I heard about the attack." he explained as he took a seat across from them, their seats forming a rough triangle. His face was full of worry.

"Worry you must not. Hurt nobody was, except for two clone. Died fighting they did." Yoda told him.

"What happened though? Did it have anything to do with the incident in orbit I keep hearing whispers about?"

"We believe so. Might as well tell you now that your here. About two hours ago two ships exited a large portal simultaneously and immediately engaged one another. It was no contest, the smaller ship was being ripped apart. When our fleet arrived the smaller one was destroyed and all the life boats had been hunted down. Hundreds of bodies are still being recovered. The other ship immediately engaged our fleet after a vid call and was quickly destroyed by the systems defenses."

"And that is connected to the shooting how?" Obi-wan asked scratching his beard trying to decipher the situation.

"Our belief it is, that the shooter was a survivor of the smaller ship." Yoda said while adjusting his position on his chair.

At this Mace Windu leaned forward and added "Sole Survivor."

"What are we going to do with him?"

Standing up the other human answered "Me and now you are going to go question him right now. And after that we have been requested to bring him before the chancellor."

"Lead the way old friend." Kenobi said also rising leaving Yoda to his thoughts.

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His vision was the first sense to return to him, it always was. Next came hearing and sight. He was in a small cold cell the front of which was just a bright cherry red energy field. The next sense was pain. And pain lanced through his jaw. Whatever hit him had enough strength to knock his jaw slightly out of alignment through several centimeters of titanium.

He rolled his neck hearing it pop several times and took stock of the situation. He had been stripped of his armour leaving him in his undersuit and BDUs. He had no weapons and he was being held captive by an unknown collective of laser sword wielding aliens. All his friends and comrades were dead and-

His train of thought stopped cold as that finally sunk in. Tashya, Michael, Kristain, Paolo. All of them were dead, he would never see them again. He would never hear Paolo's constant wise cracks, never catch Kristain staring at himself in the mirror, never see Michael and his ever present Sweet William cigar, never again banter with Tashya. It was like a knife had been sunk into his stomach and slowly twisted. Tears welled up in his eyes but he demanded his body not to let them flow, he would not let these alien bastards see him cry. But for all his self control he couldn't stop a single defiant tear from running down his face.

He laid down on the couch just as two figures shut off the energy field, walked inside and sat on the bed opposite from him.

Two distinctly human figures.

What. The. Flying. Fuck.

He sat up straight and stared at the two. A black guy and a white guy, both were definitely human. They wore the same robes as the aliens had and carried the same cylinders too. So what did that make them? Traitors to humanity? Refugees fleeing from the Human-Covenant War? Or very human like aliens?

A human alien? That hit must've been harder than I thought. No the first two are the most likely. Not that I can blame them, the Covenant is an immovable force.

The duo stared at him for a full minute, it was an unnerving experience, they seemed to stare right into the soul. Then the black one spoke.

"Huh? What did you just say?"

The white one spoke now, the language was utterly foreign, nothing like the simplicity of English or the beautiful flow of Italian.

Then he felt something. A slight tickle near the front of his head but when he tried to scratch it he realized it was deeper than that, it was coming from his brain. Just as he was about to question what was happening his mind exploded. Knowledge and understanding flooded into his brain and the foreign language became clear. Galactic basic.

"What did you just do to my mind!?" he snarled at the two men across

from him.

The one of the left, the white one's eyes widened slightly before he answered. "I apologize, it is standard procedure to give a prisoner enough knowledge to communicate. It usually goes unnoticed."

He sat back slightly but he made no move to speak again so the darker man spoke. "My name is Jedi Master Mace Windu. My compatriart is Master Obi-wan Kenobi. We are here to ask you a few questions. Understood?"

"Huh? Is that so? Well I have some myself." he said, voice level and cool.

Obi-wan held up his hands placatingly "Now now. Let's start with something simple. Can you give us your name?"

"UNSC Vincenzo Alditore, First Sergeant. 405th Orbital Drop Shock Trooper. Serial number ODST-405-31596."

"UNSC I'm not familiar with that term. What does it stand for?" Windu asked looking over at his friend. The soldier stiffened at his words clenching his fists, the action didn't go unnoticed.

"Never heard of the UNSC? What rock have you two been living under? You damn traitorous xeno lovers haven't heard of the UNSC? How?! The United Nations Space Command is the governing body of all humanity."

The two Jedi shared a look before asking the next question. "And what of the other vessel yours engaged with?"?

The reaction was similar but more controlled. "The Covenant. A conglomerate of alien species who have been steadily wiping out humanity ever since first contact two years ago, for the sole reason of us being human. Dozens of worlds have be glassed! And you, humans, haven't heard of them?"

That elicited a response from the two Jedi. "We have never heard of them because this is our first contact from not only them but you as well. We represent the Galactic Republic. There is no government by that name in the Republic or the Separatists nor in this galaxy."

"And what galaxy is this?" Vincenzo as tentatively.

"You are currently in the Rim galaxy. The nearest galaxy from here is a spiral with five arms." Windu stated.

A dull thud echoed through the room and Alditores head hit the wall behind him. "Great. Fucking fantastic."

The duo stood up and left the cell stopping to discuss what they learned in the hall way. "So what do you make of this old friend?"

Windu responded while leaning up against a nearby pillar. "He's telling the truth, I sensed no deception from him and that worries me."

"Which part exactly? That he travelled between galaxies? Or the group of genocidal aliens? Or that same group of aliens can also hop galaxies? Or maybe even that humanity is spread across multiple galaxies?" Kenobi said sarcasm skidding into his voice.

"All of it. And it fits too. He's xenophobic and that is reasonable considering what he told us of this Covenant. It would explain why he fired on chalbecca as soon as he saw him. But he's still dangerous I sense something about him, he will and already has altered the destiny of millions. I've never felt such a sensation."

"I sensed it also like the force itself had risen up and wiped the slate clean. I can't tell weather it's for better or worse though."

"I have to tell Yoda about this, you go on and take Mr Alditore to see the Chancellor." and with that the master Jedi walked out of the hall.

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He had been dragged out of his cell by two red and white armoured men and led through what he could only describe as a monastery, past dozens upon dozens of alien species he had never seen. It was a struggle for him to subdue the growl that rose at their continued staring.

Then it was outside to where he first landed. His pod was still their but more white armoured men were going over it, touching his guns and equipment. Normally he would snap about classified gear but what did it matter if the UNSC was billions of lightyears away.

His two guards pushed him forward when he paused to look and was shuffled into a floating car, a speeder they called it, and the two soldiers and the Jedi Kenobi got in with him, the Jedi driving.

All of a sudden they were soaring through the sky weaving through traffic lanes, drawing ever nearer to a huge mushroom like building what Kenobi said was the Senate Tower, the hub of intergalactic government and negotiations. There he would meet the Supreme Councilor. Kenobi kept talking the whole trip telling him about all the different races that he would see. From Twi'leks to Hutts, he probably heard about twenty of so species by the time they arrived.

From there he was shuffled out of the car and led past hundreds of alien dignitaries and senators at gun point. To say he drew stares was an understatement, he could practically feel the tide of whispers that broke out as he was marched into the building. He knew for sure that this would be talked about for days, politicians didn't lead very exciting lives.

He trudged through the opulent halls and saw more and more signs that this was real, hundreds of aliens, busts of age old humans and inscriptions to long and intricate to ever be faked. And as he entered a final set of doors he laid his eyes on a grandfatherly man behind a large desk.

Obi-wan spoke from beside him. "Chancellor Palpatine here is the survivor of this mornings incident. You requested to see him."

"Ah yes come in, come in. Thank you Master Jedi, I am sure you are quite busy with all the excitement at the temple so please feel free to go." The old man even sounded grandfatherly and Vinny couldn't help but like the man.

"I'm not so sure Chancellor, Mr Alditore is quite a capable soldier. He is responsible for the death of two clones."

Vinny flinched at those words, and the two troopers behind him tensed. He could feel the hate rolling off them and he had a strong feeling there were humans under that armour.

"Yes but I have a feeling that he won't cause any trouble. As far as I understand he was under the most extreme circumstances, now come here, sit." he said while waving to a seat across from him. Kenobi nodded and turned sharply leaving the room, the two troopers following suit.

Vinny walked across the room and took a seat. "Tea?"

"No thank you sir."

"Hmm. It is not often I ask to see prisoners but then again it is not often that two hostile warships enter system and cripple each other. If you don't mind I would greatly enjoy to hear your story."

"No I don't mind, but I still can't make sense of it myself."

"Just start at the beginning I'm sure it'll sort itself out." Palpatine said smiling kindly.

Vinny didn't know what it was, be it the mans grandfatherly nature or just his air of charisma but he ended up spilling his life story.

"I'm Earth born, raised in one of the major cities on the planet. My family had been military for centuries we could trace back our service so it was only natural for me to join up at eighteen. I spent four years as a footslogger fighting against insurrectionists, going house by house, room by room clearing out a half dozen colonies that entered open rebellion. By the end of my first major tour I was ready to rise through the ranks applying to transfer to the elite of the elite, the ODSTs, we would drop from orbit in pods like the one I landed in and take on the most dangerous or sensitize missions."

At this point he was again offered tea and he gratefully took a sip, the flavor washed over his tongue. Setting the cup down in front of him he continued.

"Then the Covenant came. First alien contact in human history and they burned an entire world to glass. And they kept on coming, dozens of worlds would fall, hundreds of millions would die and they just kept coming. That's how we ended up here. I was assigned to a converted corvette designed to do the same thing the Covenant did, destroy worlds. We used Nukes thousands of them and we leveled three worlds before they found us. We ran, we had to their technology was hundreds of years ahead of ours, as we entered slipspace our reactor took a hit to our engine and both ships got sucked in. From there we had three months before we would exit and the fight would again

continue. I went into Cryo and would have woken up two weeks before we were scheduled to enter real space but something went wrong and we ended up here."

"Remarkable, truly remarkable. When Kenobi told me humanity existed in another galaxy I could scarcely believe him. Do not doubt for a moment young man that you are a hero to mankind. And I see now that your actions this morning were in duress, therefore I hereby repeal the charges laid against you."

He was floored, he had expected... Something... Some sort of punishment for gunning down two soldiers but not this. Not this at all.

"Infact I watched a holo of your landing. I believe you have a place in the Grand Army of the Republic."

Vincenzo couldn't help but let a smile break across his face.

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**Bee beep beep.**

**There we have it chapter two. Sorry it took to long stage crew kind of took over my life for a week. But yes I've finally nailed down the pairings and overall plot of this beastly and oh boy is it gunna be epic. It'll start and season two and fingers crossed span all the way to the sixth movie. The pairing in going to be following first contact as OCxAshoka but it'll be a slow burn to reach that point. Ashoka will only be 14 at the start of this story and due to an unusual allergic reaction to Cryo Vinny has only aged to the point of twenty in ten years. He ages extra slow.**

**Now a question for you guys. Where you an original reader of spirit of fire or did you stumble across this by chance?**

3. Chapter 3

They are, firstly, all volunteers and are toughened by hard physical a result they have that infectious optimism and that offensive eagerness which comes from physical well being. They have "jumped" from the air and by so doing have conquered fear.

-Field Marshall The Viscount Montgomery of Alamein

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Awe.

That was a word that accurately described what he was feeling right know.

He was standing beside the Chancellor on a balcony that overlooked the clone garrison on Corusant. Below them stood the entirety of the 501st legion, the striking white and blue figures going through close combat drills. In front of them where two of the sword wielders,

Jedi, Palpatine had called them.

Remembering the past 12 hours made him frown slightly. He had spent the entire time with the Republic's leader and in that time the old man had given him so much information to think about and absorb from the multitude of alien species to the ongoing war that ravaged the galaxy, he had explained the role of the Jedi and their counterparts the Sith. He explained what his part was going to be and what he would face.

As if sensing his discomfort Palpatine broke the silence between them. "Are you okay Vincenzo? You seem troubled."

Vinny couldn't help but chuckle mirthlessly at his choice of wording. "Of course I'm troubled Chancellor, I will never see anyone I know again, I'm in an unkown galaxy and I'm about to be thrust into the middle of a war I never knew existed. But I'm an ODST, I'll adapt."

"Good I hope it is a swift transition. Now come, I have something I want to show you." Putting his hand on Vinny's shoulder he led the soldier back inside to his secondary secure office. It was almost an exact copy of the one in the senate all the differences were non visible, reinforced walls, several escape tunnels that led to underground bunkers and being in the centre of the GRA garrison it could be considered the safest place on the planet. As they walked past the desk he noticed several clone techs bringing in a large armoured crate.

Palpatine nodded to the identical men "Thank you gentlemen you may return to your duties." As the techs left the duo approached the crate. "The scientist who were tasked with studying your armour noticed how it barely held against the blaster bolt. I'm sure it was perfectly adequate in your galaxy but here you'll need something a little different. This is something I found in my youth, something I held onto ever since."

After entering a code the front panel slide to the side revealing a suit of armour. It wasn't unlike the suits the clones wore but it was different, thicker in places with more plating and overall more aggressive looking. The undersuit was also padded more than the clones. And it looked like it would fit perfectly.

"It's amazing, sir. I can't thank you enough."

"Think nothing of it. This is a suit of trooper armour dating back to the old republic but in every sense it is more advanced than anything our troops are wearing several times over. More importantly it can be easily adjusted to an individual unlike clone armour which is one size for obvious reasons. I'm giving this to you, along with the rank of Lieutenant. You will be my eyes and ears on the frontline."

"I'm honored and in your debt."

Palpatine only smiled and walked back out to the balcony and continued watching the duel between the two Jedi when the human of the pair disengaged and JUMPED the four stories only to land in front of them.

"Chancellor, I thought I saw you up here. To what do we owe the

pleasure?"

"Anakin, how convenient of you to drop by. I was just about to take Vincenzo to meet you and Padawan Tano."

The young Jedi knight looked at the drop trooper as if he was assessing him for strengths and weaknesses then glanced over the chancellor's shoulder at the open crate. "What's this about Chancellor."

Palpatine moved to his seat leaving the two warriors standing side by side. He left out a sad sigh before saying "My friend here has been through an extraordinary trial, a lesser man would have broken under the pain of it all. I would like you to take him with you during your next deployment, I would like to think he can offer a fresh perspective on this war."

Anakin continued to eye him warily as he asked. "Are you sure about this?" Palpatine only inclined his head in response. "Alright. I will take him."

"Thank you Anakin, you have done me a great service. Vincenzo I will have ALL your gear transferred to the Resolute, but I would like to hang onto your pod. With your permission."

"Of course sir. It's the least I can do."

Anakin bowed slightly "By your leave Chancellor."

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The walk through the base was awkward to say the least. The tension between the two warriors was palpable as the stubbornly fought to not be the one to break the silence. It was a battle of wills and Vinny hated to admit it but he was losing. He had no problem with silence, on spec ops missions his entire squad could go days without saying a word but that was a comfortable silence. This was just tense and awkward. The clones they past would all salute but as if by an unspoken command would also remain silent. It was a testament to their discipline. It was also the first time he saw clones without helmets, they were in fact humans with strong jaw lines and tanned skin, their hair, tattoos and scars were the only thing that truly set them apart.

With a sigh he broke the silence. "So what do I call you? Jedi? Boss? Commander?"

Vinny could literally feel the satisfaction wash through the knight. "No not commander, that's my Padawan's rank. You can call me General Skywalker or Sir. What about you? The chancellor wasn't too informative about the situation."

At the mention of his rank Vinny stood straighter and set his shoulders back. "Lieutenant Vincenzo Alditore, Sir"

"Alright lieutenant, what can you do? What makes you worth the effort?"

"Sir I have been trained in counter-insurgency, asymmetrical warfare, explosives handling and disposal, special operations, deniable

operations and reconnaissance. I am a certified marksman retaining 89% accuracy with long rifles and 82% accuracy with short rifles. Does that meet your expectations sir?"

"For now." Skywalker said as they entered the courtyard that Vinny was previously overlooking. The clones had dispersed some were sitting on pieces of armour but it appeared like most had boarded the starship. As they entered the open a clone broke away from the group he was talking to and approached them.

"Rex."

"General, all the new brothers are settling in great, we may have to restructure some squads to prevent fights from breaking out. The legion is at full combat strength. Who's the civvy?"

Vinny grit his teeth as the young general beside him chuckled. "This 'civvy' is lieutenant Alditore. He'll be joining us, I trust that you can get him settled in?"

The confusion was evident in his eyes but responded quickly a testament to his discipline "Of course sir, come on. I'll show you around."

Anakin let them walk away before going back inside. "So as a lieutenant I guess that means you need a platoon. What do you specialize in?"

Instead of going over it again Vinny just gave home the short version "Anything and everything. I'd prefer men who can be stealthy but still hold their own in a straight up fight."

"Every clone can fight, that won't be an issue but I have a small platoon of shinies that graduated with infiltration honours but didn't make the cut for scouts. You think you can handle nineteen troopers."

"It shouldn't be a problem." Vinny was curious as to what Rex meant by shinies but that could wait. The captain led him through the ship and to where his platoon would be bunking. It was a short hall way with five doors to a side, his platoon would take four rooms and as a lieutenant he was privileged to a private room. The captain took his leave as Vinny entered the room. He couldn't help but admire the efficiency of the clones as not only was his new armour set up on a mannequin but also his old gear. His weapons along with some new ones were stacked on a rack between the armour. Below that a decent sized crate. Besides the armour display the room was quite spartan just a single bed on one side and a desk on the other.

He moved to the desk and took a seat on the swivel chair, a terminal was resting on the desk as well as what looked like a UNSC data pad. His hands moved quickly as he powered it on, a moment later he received a notification that he had mail.

To: UNSC Data pad #403
>From: A friend

Vincenzo,

_I hope your settling in well enough. I hope you don't mind but I

took the liberty of ordering all the salvage from your original vessel be placed under my jurisdiction. If you haven't noticed there is a crate in your room containing enough ammunition to last you several missions. If for what ever reason decide to forgo your old armament I have supplied several standard issue republic blasters for you to try, just remember that the will outlast your slug throwers. I expect weekly reports from you just as we agreed upon._

Also after reading this an encryption will activate, it's a voice code that will only respond to this phrase 'There is no peace only passion.' Memorize it and it would be in your best interest to not let the Jedi view the contents of this pad.

May the force be with you.
>Darth Sidius

Vinny was confused as he read the message until it dawned on him who this was. And if his parting words were anything to go by he was expected to keep an eye on the Jedi.

Promising himself to go through the pad later he booted up the terminal and looked through the files that were on it. Personal profiles for each trooper under his command, he left those alone he would rather get to know them personally. An empty mission briefing and a program to file reports. He was a part of the 501st legion, Torrent company, a force of 250 troopers that was the personal unit of General Skywalker. His direct superior was Captain Rex, the same clone who guided him through the ship.

He got up and decided to don his new armour. Almost every clone he saw was wearing their armour, it would not be good for him to look weak. As he placed each piece he couldn't help but frown at the bright white plating, _as soon as I get my hands on some paint that is going to go._ He did a few exercises to test the mobility and found it lacking. He removed the inner thigh, the cod and ass plates and the upper arms. That freed up some flexibility while keeping the most amount of protection.

As for weapons he elected to go with a light kit, his silenced SMG mag-locked to his right this and for the hell of it a blaster pistol went into a holster on his left.

It was a good fit but it still wasn't the titanium grade playing he was used to but he would adjust with time. He was about to move toward his bed when a deep rumble from the pit of his stomach demanded him to find food.

He chuckled as he left the room and went hunting for the mess hall. If there was one thing I could say about the clones was they are damn organized. He spotted a mouse droid which the captain had said would lead him were ever he needed he just had to ask. "Droid can you lead me to the mess hall?"

It turned out the mess was only a five minute walk away up one deck. But as he entered the hall nearly every identical head swivelled to stare at him but just as quickly they looked away. He walked up, grabbed a tray and sat down at an empty table.

Okay I'm just going to say it this looks like shit. The food in front of him was a brown slop that somewhat resembled oatmeal. He

hesitantly took a bite._ Okay not as bad as I was expecting, not great but definitely not the worst military rations I've ever had._

He ate quickly before depositing his tray and asking a mouse to lead him to 4th platoon. He entered the halls and was walking leisurely.

"Hey traitor!"

He didn't even get a chance to react when a fist impacted the base of his neck.

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To the guest reviewer by the name of WOLF, this chapter is dedicated to you because your review is what made me get my ass into gear and get this chapter done. Not only that but you supplied quite a few ideas that you might start seeing being implemented. Again thank you. Starting now any signed review will get a PM thanking you and answering any questions that aren't classified.

End
file.